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1917
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Sieur du Lhut

BY

STELLA PRINCE STOCKER



Sieur du Lhut

HISTORICAL PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS

WITH
INDIAN PAGEANT FEATURES AND INDIAN MELODIES

BY
STELLA PRINCE STOCKER
[O-mes-qua-wi-gi-shi-go-que]

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CHARACTERS.

Daniel de Gresollon, Sieur du Lhut.....	Explorer under Count Frontenac
Dupont } Faffart }	Men in du Lhut's employ
Louis Hennepin.....	Priest and explorer, captive in Sioux camp
Picard du Gay.....	Hennepin's canoe man
Pierre Dubois.....	Suitor of Isabelle de Mirval
Jean de Mirval.....	Isabelle's brother
Sir Landsdowne } Sir Markham }	Englishmen interested in the Hudson's Bay Company
Ou-a-si-cou-dé..... (pierced pine)	Great Sioux Chief
Mah-kah-de O-nah-sid.....	Sioux Indian, in love with Anishaque (Black Foot)
Ni-gah-ni gi-zhick..... (Low sky)	Anishaque's brother
O-za-wa A-ni-mik.....	Chippewa Indian in the employ of du Lhut (Yellow Thunder)
Chief A-que-pa-ga-tin Chief Is-ta-ba (Sleepy eyes) Mah-to-ho-ta (Grizzly bear) Wan-di Du-ta (Scarlet Eagle) Two Indian Runners	} Sioux at Kathio, on Mille Lac
Folle Avoine } Chief Ashiganaga }	
Nah me-gos (The trout) Ta-ko-zid (Short foot) Mah-in-gans (Little Wolf)	} Chippewas at the trial
A-ni-sha-que (Sprung from no one knows where).....	
Chippewa girl brought up in Sioux camp	
Zit-ka-la (Little Bird).....	Anishaque's friend
Isabelle de Mirval.....	Montreal girl, beloved by du Lhut
Madame Barré	Montreal lady
Toinette Barré } Elise Barré }	Friends of Isabelle
Sioux and Chippewa braves, squaws, children, ladies and gentlemen at ball in Montreal.	

N. B.—In the Indian words a is pronounced like ah; e, like a in "fate"; i, like ee in "meet." There are some nasal sounds as in French.

Please refer to other notices and to Indian melodies at the close of this volume.



Louis Duorshak
as

Sieur du Lhut

SIEUR DU LHUT

ACT I.

TIME: *July Afternoon, 1679.*

SCENE: *Forest glade at the western corner of Lake Superior. The blue water is seen through the trees at the back. It must be understood that the temporary camp of Ouasicoude, the Sioux chief, is in the immediate vicinity at the right. (A) The rising of the curtain shows groups of Indians occupied in various ways. At the extreme right and left squaws are seated, one weaving a small rug on a hand loom, another making a basket, a third bending before a bowl of birch bark. She is dyeing ropes of dried grass. Several children are playing towards the back of the stage and Indian braves stand in groups as if interested in conversation. Chief Ouasicoude sits on a log near the front, right center, smoking meditatively. Suddenly a tall Indian enters singing the moccasin game song (B) and showing the other Indians a brightly colored blanket. They rush towards the front, left center, spread the blanket on the ground and throw down upon it four moccasins. The game is played, two on a side. The singing and playing of the tom tom always accompany the game. The boys crowd towards the front and watch the players. After the pantomime has continued for some time, an Indian runner enters, presents small rolls of birch bark to the chief, goes to the rear and throws himself on the ground. The moccasin game players stop for a moment, then go on with their game while the chief studies the rolls. He finally lays down his pipe, raises his staff of authority and calls "ho ho." The men stop playing and the squaws lay down their work. Anishaque, Zitala and two other young girls enter from the right and seat themselves at the right of the chief. Ouasicoude raises the rolls and the Indians listen attentively.*

Ouascoude. (*Unrolling one of the strips of bark*) Some white spirits and red skins pass Indian village in canoe. (*Unrolling another strip*) After two days they stop in Indian village. Smoke peace pipe. (*Unrolling another strip*) Good spirits—no scalps—Indians trade skins for presents of white

spirits—peace pipe. (*The Indians call "ho, ho."*) Good white spirits come soon to Ouasicoude.

(*Yellow Thunder enters from the left, rear, and presents rolls of tobacco to the chief.*)

Yellow Thunder. Sieur du Lhut come soon through woods to find Chief Ouasicoude. Other pale face men and one Indian cross Little Portage and bring canoe that way. Sieur du Lhut no wait. He find trail and come quick. He come so far to find Chief Ouasicoude. Sieur du Lhut smoke peace pipe with Nadouissieux chief. He great warrior but he no fight with red men. He bring presents from great French King and he make friends with all Nadouissieux.

(*The Indians move away. The chief smokes in silence. The player of the moccasin game drum beats it softly.*)

Ouasicoude. (*Slowly taking pipe from his mouth*) Ouasicoude smoke calumet with Sieur du Lhut. He come here. Anishaque make him wigwam and cook him rice and bear meat. Sieur du Lhut take Anishaque for squaw. Then great French warrior and great Sioux warrior be good friends for always.

Yellow Thunder. Sieur du Lhut never yet take white wife nor Indian squaw, but he friend of Ouasicoude for always. I bring him here.

(*Yellow Thunder goes out at the left, rear. Black Foot utters a low growl. The Indians leap to their feet in excitement.*)

Black-foot. Pale face no friend of Sioux. He come. He steal our skins. He carry away Anishaque. Then he send Chippewas on war path into Sioux country. Pale face never friend of Indian. He say he love red man. Yes, he love fine furs red men have in wigwam after hunt. He love Indian girl,—just for a while. Pale face never friend of red men. Anishaque never follow pale face to wigwam. Anishaque squaw for Black-foot.

(*Black-foot gives a low growl and siezes Anishaque by the arm. She jerks away, giving him a sullen look.*)

Ouasicoude. Great White Warrior take Anishaque for squaw. Then all time fine presents come from French country into Sioux country. We smoke peace pipe with French White Spirits.

Black-foot. We take scalps from French White Spirits. They dead, we have canoe and presents. White Warrior no friend of red men.

(*Excited "ho, ho's" from Indians.*)

Ouasicoude. We smoke peace pipe with Sieur du Lhut.

His great French Father makes Sioux stronger than all other tribes.

Black-foot. Pale face fool Indians.

Low Sky. Pale face warriors have lightning sticks.

Black-foot. They come here. They sleep in wigwam. We take scalps. We take lightning sticks, presents and all.

(Indians cry "ho, ho.")

Ouasicoude, *(holding up his staff of authority)*, They come here. We smoke peace pipe with Sieur du Lhut. All sleep in wigwam. We no take scalps. *(To A-ni-sha-que and Zit-ka-la)* Spread skins for great White Chief.

(Ouasicoude lowers his staff and resumes his seat. (B) He smokes his pipe. Black-foot turns away with a surly snarl. Many of the Indians look sullen. Yellow Thunder brings presents for Ouasicoude and goes out at once. The moccasin game player who has won the blanket, picks it up, wraps himself in it and seats himself at the left, near the trees. Anishaque and other girls lay skins here and there on the ground. They sing as they move about. (B) The men sit smoking. Ouasicoude in the same position as at first. Sieur du Lhut now enters from the left rear, followed by Faffart, Dupont and Yellow Thunder.

The bearing of du Lhut is noble and so genial that the Indians are much impressed. They become less sullen, with the exception of Black-foot, who stands apart from the others, at the extreme left. His gaze is fixed in turn on du Lhut and on Anishaque. The Indian girl does not take her eyes off from du Lhut and her expression changes from wonder to devotion. Du Lhut stands for some time before the chief, his head uncovered. The chief smokes in silence. At length he takes his pipe from his mouth.

Ouasicoude. Ouasicoude thanks the white warrior for tobacco and presents.

Du Lhut. I am fortunate to meet here the great Sioux Chief whom I have traveled so far to see. I expected to follow the trail through the woods for several days before finding you. How is it that you are here, at the Little Portage?

Chief. Each year we come to the end of the great water, Kitchee Gumee. We hunt bear, we dance medicine dance seven days, we make prayer to Great Spirit. Sometimes we smoke peace pipe with Chippewas. Anishaque come too. She medicine woman. She dance with Chippewas across Bay, then on Sandy Point out there where East manido stood in moonlight and sang Midé songs.

Du Lhut. What is Midé?

Chief. No pale face understand Midé. Maybe Anishague tell you a little after we smoke calumet.

Du Lhut. Give me the peace pipe to smoke. It will make friendship between us and between the King of France and the tribe of the Nadouissioux. It was for this I made the long journey. The governor Frontenac and above him the great King Louis, have commanded me to plant the banner of France in the village of Kathio. This will show that we are your friends and that you are the friends of France. Then France will be with you in all your wars with other tribes. When do you go back to the great Sioux village?

Chief. The White Warrior will go tomorrow with Sioux tribe. At sunrise we put canoes in water. Paddle up river St. Louis. Kathio in three days. White warrior be with us all time. That way we learn what kind of friendship he bring from Great French Chief.

(Du Lhut holds up a copper medallion with portrait and inscription. The medallion hangs on a chain. The chief looks at the ornament with surprise and pleasure. Anishague comes near and du Lhut notices her. The chief, rising, takes off his bonnet of feathers and Anishague puts the chain over his head. Grunts of approval from the Indians. Ouasicoude steps proudly forward. Anishague follows, du Lhut watching her. Black-foot looks on with threatening glances.)

Chief, (looking at the image on the medallion), This is the great French Chief? He send this to Ouasicoude?

Du Lhut. It is the image of the great King Louis the Fourteenth of France. With the medallion he offers you his friendship.

Chief, (to Anishague) Bring peace pipe, Anishague.

(She brings the calumet and gives it to the chief. (C) He smokes while she supports it at the end. He then stops and motions to Anishague, who gives the pipe to du Lhut. He smokes while she supports the end of the pipe. Anishague then carries the pipe to every member of the tribe. All smoke but Black-foot, who slinks away through the trees. During the ceremony the young men beat the drum and sing. Faffart brings the French flag and du Lhut plants it in the center of the stage within the drum enclosure, the large drum having been brought in and placed in the center of the stage during the smoking of the pipe.)

Du Lhut. The King of France sends his friendship to the Nadouissioux. So long as they see the lilies of France waving over them they will know that France is their friend, in peace and in war. Through the eyes of his people who have come here across the water, to New France, he looks at this great land with its lakes and rivers and forests. He sees great cities

rising up in the midst of the forests and by the shores of the rivers and lakes.

Chief. The great French Father live on top of high mountain. He see many things which I not see. I know my skin is red but when I look inside myself I think my heart is just like white man's heart. Great French Father stand on high mountain. He look down and call me friend. My tribe call him friend.

(D) (The Indians sing and dance, then gradually disappear among the trees, singing. The chief and du Lhut seat themselves.)

Du Lhut. Now that we have smoked the peace pipe and you have taken me as your friend, tell me about the medicine dance.

Chief. Pale face no understand medicine dance.

Du Lhut. The White Warrior does not understand the Indian religion, but he understands the heart of his new friend. The red man knows the secrets of the forest; he divides all with his neighbor; he does as he agrees to do and makes others do the same. This is the way I understand the Indian and this is the kind of a man I want for my friend.

(Du Lhut grasps the hand of Owasicoude with fervor.)

Chief. Now we all go sleep. Anishaque build wigwam and make fire for White Warrior. Tomorrow at sunrise we put canoes in water. In three days we reach Sioux village, Kathio. We call many chiefs who live on river and lake. Great White Warrior plant flag and give friendship of France to all our tribe.

Du Lhut. The white brothers will gladly go with you.

Chief. Anishaque now build wigwam for White Warrior. Anishaque foster child of Owasicoude. She spirit maiden. She make charms against bad manidos.

(The chief goes off slowly, right, rear.)

Du Lhut, *(to Anishaque)* Perhaps she will give me a charm and here is one for her.

(The Indian girl approaches modestly. Du Lhut gallantly hangs a small chain about her neck. Anishaque lingers and du Lhut talks with her. They stand at right, rear. Dupont and Faffart advance at left.)

Faffart, *(to Dupont, laughing)* Any man but Sieur du Lhut would have given the Indian girl a ceremonial kiss. She wouldn't have been offended, either. It certainly is a case of love at first sight, on her part, at least. I tried to get her to smile at me. No, indeed. She never took her eyes off from Sieur du Lhut. I fear I am losing my attractiveness to women.

Dupont. Nonsense, Faffart! You're not made jealous by a simple Indian maiden.

Faffart. Simple or not, she's a savage beauty; and if I am a bit jealous, I'm not the only one. Did you notice that tall Indian with a scar across his face?

Dupont. No!

Faffart. Well, he watched du Lhut and Anishaque every moment, and I swear to you, if his thoughts could be painted there would be a picture of tomahawks and scalps.

(Anishaque goes out at right, rear. Du Lhut stands watching her.)

Dupont. Oh, there's nothing in that. Some Indians have a constitutional hatred for a pale face. I don't blame them much, either.

Faffart. Hatred or no; it seems that Indian women do not hate Sieur du Lhut. If he were not such an ascetic he might take the girl as squaw, leaving her with her tribe when he is ready to move on. I suppose he has left his white heart in Montreal, but any one would think his Indian heart would speak when he gets so near one of those handsome girls of the forest.

Du Lhut, *(stepping forward and speaking angrily)* Du Lhut's white heart is dead but his Indian heart is alive—alive with respect for the generous nature of the red men and for the faithfulness of the Indian women.

Faffart. You'll surely admit that there are some bad Indians.

Du Lhut. Perhaps, but their wickedness has a certain barbaric splendor until they become tainted with the mean vices of the white race. Come, we must look after our canoes and camp things.

(As du Lhut, Faffart and Dupont go out at right, rear, Black-foot and Low Sky come in stealthily from the left.)

Black-foot. An Indian brave must bring skins for shelter of pale face! Ugh. *(Throwing down a bundle.)*

Low Sky. Does Black-foot still think of plans to kill?

Black-foot. What Black-foot says will be done. He and Low Sky take scalps of pale-faces, put canoes in water, load in all things, then carry away Anishaque and find new camp far away.

(During this speech Anishaque has come in softly from the right, bringing a bundle of twigs. She lays down the bundle and listens.)

Low Sky. Black-foot bad Indian. Take scalps after smoking peace pipe with pale faces.

Black-foot. I no smoke peace pipe. Their hearts full of treachery. Anishaque no squaw for pale-face warrior. Anishaque squaw for Black-foot.

Low Sky. Black-foot bad Indian. Low Sky good Indian. No take scalps after we smoke peace pipe.

Black-foot. Yes, Low Sky good Indian. He smoke Sioux peace pipe but he no Sioux. He Chippewa brave. Sioux kill his father and mother, bring him up in Sioux camp. Anishaque, his sister, adopted by Chief Ouasicoude. Low Sky, Chippewa brave. He have coward's heart if he no revenge death of father and mother. Does Low Sky forget all this?

Low Sky. Low Sky never forget. He love Chief Ouasicoude and Sioux tribe but he often feel rage of blood-feud. He feel it now. He want take scalps—Sioux—pale-face—no matter. His father and mother dead by Sioux tomahawks.

Black-foot. Low Sky go now into woods by lakeshore. I find him there.

(As Low Sky goes out at the left, rear, Anishaque comes forward with her bundle of twigs and lays them down near front, left center.)

Black-foot, *(to Anishaque)* See, I have brought skins for wigwams of pale-faces. Black-foot help Anishaque.

Anishaque. Zitkala help me. Indian brave no help with wigwam.

Black-foot. One Indian brave help his squaw. Anishaque be my squaw. I help carry wood. I help make wigwam.

Anishaque. I no want brave to help carry wood and help make wigwam. I strong woman. I never be squaw for Black-foot. I no like.

(Black-foot stands erect and with sullen looks goes into woods at left, rear. Zitkala comes in from right with a bundle of wigwam poles.)

Anishaque. Zitkala. *(Zitkala looks up.)* Zitkala my friend. *(drawing her forward)* I tell her something.

Zitkala. Trust Zitkala.

Anishaque. Black-foot bad Indian.

Zitkala. He no good Indian.

Anishaque. He want Anishaque for squaw.

Zitkala. No, no, no. Anishaque never squaw for Black-foot.

Anishaque. My heart I give to White Warrior.

Zitkala. He never marry Indian girl.

Anishaque. If he no marry? Anyway he let me bring wood, make wigwam, cook rice, take fish in nets. He never hurt Anishaque. He like great manido with kind face.

Zitkala. No, Anishaque, it is better you marry Sioux brave. Take Wandî Duta, son of Ouasicoude. He often play love pipe in forest. Listen. He play now. (*From a distance is heard the love pipe. (E).*) Chief's son come often and dance in moon light before wigwam of Anishaque. She never tell him, "Come in."

Anishaque. I never love any brave but White Warrior. I follow him. I serve him. I save him by my charms and medicine. Tonight come Black-foot and Low Sky to take scalps. Anishaque will drive them away by her Midé charms.

Zitkala. There come pale face men.

(*The girls set up the wigwam frame at left, the poles having already been tied together. Only half the wigwam is in sight. The girls sing as they work. (F) Faffart and Dupont enter bringing another set of poles and a pack. Du Lhut follows with guns, strings of ornaments, hatchets and knives.*)

Dupont. You remain here, Sieur du Lhut.

Faffart. Yes, we will bring the other packs and the game.

(*Dupont and Faffart return to the woods, laying down their bundles near the wigwam.*)

Du Lhut. Go on, boys. I will have a fire by the time you come back.

(*Du Lhut goes out at left, comes back soon with an armful of twigs. Anishaque sees him as she stands by the wigwam and rushes forward as du Lhut lays down the twigs.*)

Anishaque. Anishaque make fire. White Warrior tired after long journey over great lake. He come from land of sunrise?

(*Anishaque slowly arranges the twigs and picks up pieces of bark.*)

Du Lhut. Yes, I am very tired. I came from the land of sunrise, but I have stopped many times on the shore. I have smoked the peace pipe at Bawiting, which we call the Sault Ste. Marie, and at several Indian villages on the north shore.

Anishaque. How far will White Warrior travel with our people?

Du Lhut. To the grat Sioux village of Kathio. There I shall set up the banner of France and exchange my presents for skins. These I will take to the governor's people at Quebec.

Anishaque. Why not travel on from Kathio twenty days and find great salt water lake which lies towards sunset?

Du Lhut. What great salt water lake do you mean? It is perhaps the Red Sea.

Anishaque. I not know name, but people from far away land have brought salt from great lake twenty days towards sunset.

Du Lhut. (*with excitement*) What a great voyage of discovery this would be! To go westward until I find the Red Sea. But that cannot be on this trip. There are people who say to my king that I am false to my country. (*Du Lhut rises excitedly.*) I must go back and answer them.

Anishaque. (*rising and with fervor.*) Great White Warrior no false man. He good and true to all.

Du Lhut. I try to be, but there are some jealous people in the sunrise land who say not.

Anishaque. (*Drawing a little closer.*) Jealous people here, too, but you no fear. Anishaque drive away bad Indians. You go sleep. I give pale faces good medicine. All sleep sound. You see long line of sandy shore stretching through water? Each year Anishaque go there and stay alone three days and three nights. She eat nothing. She dream much and see spirit manidos. They tell her where she find good medicines which make sleep, make well the sick. She find medicines to make love. White Warrior take some with him when he go to sunrise land?

Du Lhut. I am afraid your medicine charm would have no effect on the heart of a pale face, but I will take some with me. (*Anishaque turns sadly away with drooping head.*) I will take anything you want to give me, Anishaque, for I trust you.

Anishaque. I go bring water.

(*Faffart and Dupont come in from right, rear, meeting Anishaque as she goes out. Faffart throws one arm around her and tries to kiss her. She gives him a blow which sends him reeling towards the front. He stumbles against Dupont. Anishaque stands a moment looking at him with haughty fury, then disappears at right, rear. Faffart pulls himself together and approaches the fire. He and Dupont warm their hands, Dupont having hung a couple of game birds on a crotched stick.*)

Faffart. Would you imagine that a girl could have such strength of arm? As she threw me off it seemed to me that I might be going to land on the other shore of the lake.

Dupont. If you had seen the look she gave you, it would have been plain to you that you had better not fool with this proud Indian girl. She would be quite capable of sending you farther than the other side of Kitchee Gumme. Have a care, young man. Your pet manners will not be in place with Anishaque. She is like a priestess and when she finds the right man, her love will be like a religion. Besides, you would stand no chance with her. She's already in love with our Sieur du Lhut.

Du Lhut. Don't talk about Anishaque, you men. Let her

alone. An Indian woman deserves our respect as well as a white woman. You are too frivolous about everything serious. (*Changing his tone to one of affection.*) You're good fellows, though, and I know you'll stand by me, no matter what happens.

Faffart. Yes, indeed, we will.

Dupont. You are to us as to the Indian girl, a sort of religion. There comes the girl now. Mind your manners, Faffart.

(*Anishaque comes near the fire with a birch bowl of water.*)

Anishaque, (*to Dupont*) Hold this. (*Dupont holds the bowl and Anishaque takes some herbs from her medicine bag and throws them into the water. She then takes the bowl and offers it to du Luth.*) Drink this. Good medicine for tired man. He sleep well.

(*Du Lhut takes the bowl and drinks, then passes it on to Faffart and Dupont, who also drink, then go off, left, rear.*)

Du Lhut. Thank you, Anishaque.

Anishaque, (*in a drowsy and monotonous tone.*) This medicine I gathered from woods at sunrise. It was out there where come Midé spirits, on that long sandy point of land. Otter made it sacred ground. Otter's shining back was first seen far away in waves where rising sun shines on great salt water sea. Red men then saw Otter's back in that great river with many islands; then where two lakes meet, at Bawiting, then at Madeline. Otter then came to this end of Kitchee Gumme. He came up through waters of great lake and forced up the sand. So it was great Otter made this long point of land. And great Otter is Midé religion.

(*This is recited like an incantation, Anishaque raising her hands as if working a charm. At last du Lhut yawns and goes sleepily into his wigwam. Anishaque goes out at right, rear. All is soon perfectly quiet. The fire gives out a dull glow. Black-foot and Low Sky come in noiselessly from left, front. They peer about among the trees here and there. Suddenly they hear a strange cry (G) which seems to come from over the lake. They run swiftly to left near front.*)

Low Sky. Loon gives warning that manidos no like what Black-foot will do.

Black-foot. That was only wild bird flying over Kitchee Gumme. Why speak of manidos? Come, put out fire.

(*The two Indians come forward again silently and tread out the fire, so that the stage is dimly lighted by the moon. The sound of a distant Indian drum is heard as if coming from the Point. The two Indians rush forward.*)

Low Sky. I no like this work. Manidos talking to us.

Do you hear Midé drum? No one out there on Point to play it. It is manidos. They tell us no touch pale faces who have smoked peace pipe.

Black-foot. Go away, coward. (*Pushing Low Sky to left.*) I take scalp of White Warrior. I never let him take Anishaque for squaw. I kill her first.

(*Low Sky does not stir. Black-foot goes forward and stands near du Lhut's wigwam, listening to his breathing.*)

Low Sky. (*Aside.*) Black-foot bad Indian. I no let him take scalp of pale face. I warn Sioux tribe.

(*He runs toward the rear. At the same time Black-foot goes to the front of du Lhut's wigwam and lifts the flap. A shrill war whoop is heard. Black-foot runs a little way towards the left, front, and stands as if petrified. Almost immediately the stage is filled with Indians, carrying fire brands and tomahawks, uttering fierce war cries. They find no one on the stage but Black-foot and Low Sky.*)

Chief Ouasicoude. Who called Sioux Warriors from sleep? Where are Foxes or Chippewas who came into our camp with war cry?

Black-foot. I heard loud war cry and came here first. Then came Low Sky. We found no one not of our tribe.

Anishaque. (*Coming from the shadows.*) Black-foot enemy of our tribe. He came to take scalp of White Warrior who smoked peace pipe with Ouasicoude. He shame to this tribe. He must be killed. Let Low Sky go find his own people. He never want scalp of pale face who has smoked Sioux peace pipe. (*Sound of Midé drum from the Point.*)

Chief. Black-foot must die. Anishaque tell truth. Manidos say she right. Listen. Hear Midé drum out there. Black-foot must die. (*H.*)

(*The Indians go off at right, rear, leading Black-foot. Low Sky slips into the shadow of the trees at the left, front. When the stage is cleared, Anishaque hurries to the spot where Low Sky disappeared.*)

Anishaque. (*Calling.*) Low Sky, Low Sky. (*After a short time Low Sky appears.*) Why my brother come here with Black-foot, after all in wigwam?

Low Sky. I no want to live in Sioux camp.

Anishaque. But Chief Ouasicoude good father to us all.

Low Sky. Black-foot say we take Anishaque and make camp far away.

Anishaque. I never go to wigwam of Black-foot. He bad Indian. Low Sky always good Indian.

Low Sky. I no want scalp of pale face.

Anishaque. No, but you ready to help Black-foot. He have scalp of pale face this minute if I no use my Midé charms. I make loon call. I make drum sound. I make war cry. I scare Black-foot. I scare Low Sky too. I save great White Warrior.

Low Sky. I go back to Chippewa band.

Anishaque. And leave your sister, Anishaque?

Low Sky. Anishaque come, too.

Anishaque. Not now. Later, maybe. You go now but come back sometime. I meet my brother in forest near Mille Lac. He know where? He no forget?

Low Sky. Low Sky see his sister soon.

(Low Sky darts away. Anishaque goes softly to the wigwam of du Lhut, listens a moment, then makes up a new fire over the ashes of the one extinguished by Black-foot. Anishaque sings the love charm song (I) while she kindles the fire. After the song she draws back into the shadow, at right, front. Du Lhut steps from his wigwam. He looks about, finds everything quiet and seats himself by the fire.)

Du Lhut. What a wonderful night! So quiet and peaceful after the wild dreams I have had. I would have sworn that I heard a woman's voice singing. Such a wierd song it was, so sad and full of longing! How I love these chilly nights in the forest, that make one feel the cheer of a good camp fire! *(Du Lhut notices the fire.)* How is it that this one burns so brightly? It looks as if some one had just made it up afresh. *(Calling)* Faffart. Dupont. *(No answer.)* *(Anishaque comes slowly from the bushes.)*

Anishaque. It is Anishaque who guards great White Warrior. She will send away to death bad Indians. She will change hearts of jealous people in far away land of sunrise. Anishaque always serve and guard great White Warrior. When he need her, just call. *(Anishaque goes back to her place in the shadow, singing softly. Du Lhut watches her dreamily.)*

Du Lhut. Is it for Anishaque I feel this sudden glow? *(He takes a few faltering steps in the direction of the Indian girl,—then as if in a dream, gathers himself together and steps forward.)* No, it is Isabelle I love. I am true to her. There is no wavering.

(Du Lhut sinks wearily upon his seat by the fire, his head resting on his hand. As he sits gazing into the embers, Anishaque's Love Charm song sounds softly.) (I.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TIME: *Late afternoon, August, 1680.*

SCENE: *In the heart of the forest, on the way to Kathio. Faffart and Dupont enter from left, rear, with rolls of blankets and other camp things. They lay down their packs wearily and sit on them to rest. Du Lhut soon follows. He lays down his bundles but remains standing, wiping his face and looking tired.*

Faffart. We're certainly off the trail. Last time we saw Ouasicoude he told us we could come this way, but we've missed it somewhere. Low Sky ought to know, though. He's as clever an Indian guide as I have ever seen.

Du Lhut. He's both clever and devoted. Takes the lion's share of the work on himself. He is far better than that Sioux we had last time.

Dupont. And what a hunter! He throws down his pack, shoots off into the woods and before I could light my pipe he is back with a fat partridge.

Faffart. I wish he would bring one now. I have the appetite of a wolf and could eat one alive.

Du Lhut. We're all pretty tired and hungry. We'll go on a little farther and if we don't find a clear trail, we'll give it up for the night. We just passed a fine spring and there's plenty of balsam about here. I'm tired out, too. What a day, tramping through swamps filled with briars! Come, we'll go on for a while.

(The three men go out at right. Anishaque steals in from the left, front, looks after the men, following them to the exit, then returns to center. Low Sky soon enters from left, rear, carrying an inverted canoe on his head. Anishaque looks at him in wonder. He puts down the canoe.)

Anishaque. You, Low Sky, how you come here?

Low Sky. You know I guide du Lhut to Kathio.

Anishaque. But clear trail other side. This way too hard for pale face.

Low Sky. Low Sky guide for du Lhut. He bring him where Anishaque come to pick berries. Why so? Anishaque love du Lhut. Low Sky good brother.

Anishaque. How he know I love du Lhut?

Low Sky. How not know?

Anishaque. Low Sky is right. All know that Anishaque love Sieur du Lhut. (*After a slight pause.*) Good brother, you go find him. Send him here quick. Make him camp here tonight. Tomorrow at sunrise you lead him quick by good trail to Kathio. I tell him of white captives. He not know?

Low Sky. Yes, he know. It is why he follow trail so fast, hardly sleep or eat. You tell him. See what he say. He tell me he want to go to great salt lake you tell him about. But when he hear of French captives in Sioux camp, he leave big canoe and heavy things. He leave two men with them and he hurry up as fast he can.

Anishaque. You go quick. Send Sieur du Lhut here. Other men can come later. (*Pushing Low Sky toward the exit at the right.*) Go quick!

(*Low Sky hurries out at right, front. Du Lhut enters from the right, rear, and sees Anishaque.*)

Du Lhut. Anishaque, child, whatever brought you here so far from Kathio?

Anishaque. Ouasicoude camp here two days for hunting. He come every year in rice-gathering moon. Anishaque always come too, and stay two days longer. Squaws pick berries in swamp. Sieur du Lhut never forget Anishaque?

Du Lhut. Du Lhut is not the man to forget a friend, especially when that friend is Anishaque.

Anishaque, (*radiantly*). Indians love Sieur du Lhut.

Du Lhut. That's because I am like an Indian. With all the hardships of the trail, the happiest moments of my life are spent in the forest. To me the downiest bed is not so sweet as a bed of balsam in the deep wood where I can hear the rustle of the wind in the trees and the sound of trickling water.

Anishaque. Let Anishaque make Sieur du Lhut balsam bed here by cool spring. Here he shall rest till sunrise. But first I tell him there are two pale face captives in camp of Ouasicoude. His men take all from poor pale faces. Ouasicoude very angry but can do nothing.

Du Lhut. But the calumet! We smoked the peace pipe together. Does that mean nothing? The poor fellows! We must go right on tonight and rescue them.

Anishaque. No good. Low Sky never find right trail tonight. Go on tomorrow. Sleep here by spring tonight. Anishaque make wigwam, bring wood, cut balsam, cook supper for great White Warrior. Anishaque do everything for great White Warrior.

Du Lhut. Go tell my men to come back to the spring, then.

(Anishaque starts reluctantly towards the exit at right.)

Du Lhut, *(aside)*. The tribe of Ouasicoude with French captives! What does it mean?

Anishaque, *(returning)*. I go soon call Low Sky. He bring back other men. I run very fast. *(Pleadingly)* Let me wait a little while first. Anishaque want Sieur du Lhut alone just a little. She wait through long moons of summer, long moons of winter. Sieur du Lhut never know how long time summer is, how long time winter is while he never come to Anishaque. When leaves are red and yellow she run to place where Low Sky always find good hunting. She see him soon and she say: "Bring Sieur du Lhut to Kathio." Low Sky say: "Sieur du Lhut hold great council fire at end of Kitchee Gumme. He make plan for great fort on Thunder Bay."

Du Lhut. You are a good friend, Anishaque. You never forget me.

Anishaque. I forget Sieur du Lhut! No, No! When wind shake trees of great forest I hear his voice speaking. When grey smoke rise from camp fire,—when white mist sweep across blue lake,—I see him walking to me through smoke and mist. *(Anishaque sinks to her knees beside du Lhut.)* Sieur du Lhut stay with our tribe. Anishaque no can live if great White Warrior go far away.

Du Lhut, *(pressing his hands over Anishaque's head)*. Anishaque, I believe you are the truest friend I have in the world. Tonight by the camp fire I will tell you everything. Go now, quick. Call Low Sky. He must catch up with my men and bring them back. *(Anishaque hurries out at the right. Du Lhut picks up his gun.)* Poor girl! Poor Anishaque! I must tell her of my love for Isabelle.

(Du Lhut turns and goes slowly towards the back.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II, SCENE II.

TIME: *The day following that of Scene I.*

SCENE: *Open space at the edge of the Indian village of Kathio on Mille Lac. At the left, rear, a post and a bundle of hay for the burning of captives. At the extreme left Indians are seated on the ground, singing (J). In the center, near the back, a fire. Over it a pot hangs from a tripod of green birch. About the fire are Mahtohota, Istaba and two other tall Indians. They help themselves from the pot, drawing out pieces of meat by means of sharpened sticks. After eating the meat Mahtohota lifts out an animal's skull and hurls it towards the front of the stage, all giving wild yells. Mahtohota rises and goes slowly towards the skull—which represents the enemy. He is on the trail, a scout, looking down for foot prints, and looking about on all sides, shading his eyes, hoping to catch sight of the enemy. When he finds the skull, he gives it a hard blow with his tomahawk. The other three Indians repeat this pantomime, following quickly. This dance—the “skull dance”—is interrupted by the entrance of the whole band of Indians. They come in with yells, dragging du Gay, and place him on a log near the front, at the right. They sing wildly and dance the war dance about him. (D) The squaws take no part in the dance but group themselves at each side and watch the braves. Picard du Gay is in ordinary European dress of the time but his face is painted with two colors. His hair is anointed with bear's grease and brought forward in two braids. A tuft of white feathers is on his head, in his hand an Indian rattle—a gourd filled with small stones. Following the arrival of du Gay, Ouasicoude, Wandi Duta and Aquepagatin come in slowly and seat themselves on the ground at the left, drawing their blankets about their heads.)*

Istaba (*to du Gay*). You sing now, or you burn.

Du Gay. I can't sing.

Istaba. You sing with the Sioux. We all sing. (*He sings a few phrases (J) and waits. Du Gay makes no sound except to shake his rattle.*)

Mahtohota. Bring fire! (*Several Indians bring fire-brands and threaten to set du Gay on fire.*)

Istaba. You sing now. (*He sings phrases and du Gay tries to imitate. The Indians laugh and howl, dancing around.*)

Mahtohota. Bind him to stake. (*Du Gay is dragged to the post.*) We light fires.

Istaba. Bring in old Father Louis.

Mahtohota. We divide all presents; hatches, knives and fire-sticks.

Istaba. We take scalps and burn.

Ouasicoude, (*rising.*) No take scalps. We smoke peace pipe with pale face.

Mantohota. We take scalps.

Istaba. We burn.

Ouasicoude. First to speak of scalps or burning shall die.

Istaba. I scalp! I light fire! (*He snatches one of the fire-brands and rushes towards du Gay. Ouasicoude raises his war club to strike. The other Indians grasp Ouasicoude's arm and push him back towards Aquepagatin and Wandi Duta with whom he talks in pantomime. Other Indians push Istaba back as Father Hennepin is brought in. Aquepagatin steps forward.*)

Aquepagatin. Ho, ho. (*Pause.*) No burning and no scalps. I take Father Louis for son. My son die on war path. That Indian, (*pointing to his brother*) take other pale face. (*He takes a few whiffs from his pipe and offers it to Hennepin. All three are pushed back by the angry Indians.*)

Mahtohota. Ho! Ho! We divide presents. (*Two Indians bring forward the property of Father Hennepin and du Gay, piling it in the center of the stage. The other Indians crowd around the pile, bending over it eagerly. Mahtohota takes first several hatchets, knives and guns and distributes them among Istaba and the other Chiefs. Another parcel of things he distributes among the other men. Some blankets and ornaments he gives to the women. He then brings forward Hennepin and takes off his priestly vestments. These are divided among the people. One of the young Indians takes the chasuble and struts about with it on his back. Hennepin is left in his black robe and stands there pitifully, his shaved head bowed, his hands folded. The Indians bring forward a small chest and a chalice, covered by a white cloth. Mahtohota makes Hennepin open the chest. When he sees in it nothing but papers and books, he gives them back to Hennepin and motions him to lock the chest. He tosses the cloth to one of the squaws. He then raises the cup, turning away his eyes. The Indians act afraid, shading their eyes.*)

Ouasicoude. Indians no touch Bright Spirit. Death come!

(*Mahtohota lifts the chalice and tosses it contemptuously in the air, catching it like a ball. Father Hennepin cries out*

as he tries to rescue the cup, but is pushed roughly back. They start to drag him to the stake, crying, "Sing! Sing! He burn!" Du Lhut and his men come in from the rear, parting the raging Indians.)

Du Lhut. Hold! (*The Indians fall back in silence.*)

Hennepin, (*with deep emotion*). Benedicite. (*He grasps du Lhut's hand, but the Indians force him back.*)

Hennepin. My son, you come in time. See how they treat the Holy Father. See how they desecrate the sacred vestments.

Du Lhut, (*looking sternly at the Indians, who stand as if petrified.*) What is this I see? Our Holy Father a captive in the camp of the Isati, he and his companion made prisoners and robbed by the Indians, who have smoked the peace pipe with me. Does not Chief Ouasicoude wear at this moment the medal I gave him, a present from the King of France? Did he not accept tokens from me and give others in return, exchanging promises of friendship between us forever? We traveled together as brothers and I planted the lilies of France in the midst of the village of Kathio. Did not the whole tribe dance around the banner and hold council? What did the braves decide around the council fire? Eternal friendship. One summer later we come back and find two Frenchmen in the camp. Are they honored guests of the Nadouissieux? No, they are captives. The presents they brought have been stolen from them. Worst of all, these Indians have made captive our Holy Father, who gave up everything to come and teach them our religion. Come, Father Louis, we will go. The King of France would not allow us to have dealings with those who deceive us.

(*Du Lhut turns to go but the Indians crowd around him. Chief Ouasicoude sits with his head covered by his blanket.*)

Wandi Duta. Ouasicoude not chief who took captives.

Aquepagatin. He would kill those Indians who wanted scalps.

Wandi Duta. They bad Indians. We good Indians.

Aquepagatin. We all friends of French King.

Wandi Duta. We smoke peace pipe with Sieur du Lhut.

(*Wandi Duta brings the calumet to du Lhut, but he does not accept it.*)

Du Lhut. No, I accept no calumets from those who have so ill-treated our great priest. The captives will go away with us.

(*The Indians are not willing to give up the captives. They place themselves before them and stand in sulky silence.*)

Du Lhut. The captives come with us or we break friend-

ship forever. The French traders will never come to buy your skins and give you knives and fire sticks. (*After a moment's pause.*) Is it decided? Father Louis and du Gay come with us?

Ouasicoude. Let the pale face captives go.

(*The Indians move to one side. Father Hennepin and du Gay step forward.*)

Hennepin. They took from me my priestly robes.

Ouasicoude. The Indians would burn Father Louis. I saved him.

Hennepin. They made me swim water filled with ice. I climbed the bank bleeding and ready to die.

Ouasicoude. Better than leave you in forest to die.

Hennepin. When it was hard for me to travel as fast as the swift-footed savages they set fire to the grass behind me so that I must run or be caught by the flames.

Ouasicoude. Better run than burn.

Du Lhut. I see that the Sioux have badly treated our priest. It will be hard for us to forgive. The French traders—

(*Du Lhut is interrupted by an Indian runner who comes to Ouasicoude, crying.*)

Runner. Two men Sieur du Lhut left by Great Falls. They guard canoe and blankets. One man steal two fine skins which a Sioux brave hang over swift falling water. His squaw make beautiful the skins by work of many moons. This present to Great Spirit who lives under roaring water stolen by pale face.

(*The runner forces a way through the crowd and falls to the ground, exhausted. With war cries and waving tomahawks the Indians seize all the white men.*)

Indians. We kill pale faces.

Du Lhut. Listen to the White Warrior. (*Silence except for sullen mutterings.*) (*Du Lhut shakes himself free from the grasp of an Indian.*) The man you call "Big Chief" speaks to the nation of the Nadouissieux. We will give back the skins. My men do not understand the Indian religion. They do not know that the spirits live in the water, in the trees, in the stars. I will punish my men and they will give back the skins. Listen to the White Warrior again. Father Louis prays to our Great Spirit for us. He prays to the Holy Mother. All his things are sacred. The Great Spirit speaks to us through these things and we see him smiling on us in the shining of the silver cup. The Sioux do not understand. They make a captive of our priest and take away his sacred garments. Du Lhut forgives the Sioux. Ouasicoude and his people will forgive my men. They stole the skins but they will be sorry and

will return them. You will give back to Father Louis the things you have taken from him. We will all be friends again and the French traders will come again to the Nadouissioux.

(The Indians are much impressed by the speech. Many expressions of "ho, ho." Ouasicoude motions to them to let the captives go, and they obey.)

Ouasicoude. The Sioux understand now. We give back the things we took from Father Louis and his men. Next we smoke peace pipe. Then Ouasicoude ready to go with big Chief, Sieur du Lhut, take back skins stolen from Sioux brave.

(Du Lhut offers his hand to Ouasicoude who comes forward to take it, when the voice of a runner is heard. He comes in swiftly from the left.)

Runner. Anishaque dead! Anishaque say she never marry chief's son. She jump from high rock into deep lake. Our people see her never any more.

(The Indians moan, covering their faces with their blankets.)

Du Lhut, *(With emotion)*. My truest and best friend!

(The Indians sing the Death Song (H) as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

TIME: A summer evening, 1682.

SCENE: Garden of a country house not far from Montreal. The St. Lawrence in the background, the river flanked by a parapet with landing and steps. Near the front at the right and at the left are rustic seats. From behind the scenes comes occasionally the sound of dance music, time of Louis the Fourteenth, suggesting that a ball is in progress. As curtain music, a *voyageur* song is sung by several voices in unison. One must imagine that paths lead from left to right where, just out of sight, is supposed to be the house entrance. Those attending the ball have alighted from their carriages at the left and pass through the garden to the entrance of the house. First come Jean and Isabelle de Mirval.

Isabelle. You go in first, Jean, and find your demoiselle.

Jean. You are tired, Isabelle. There's no hurry about going in.

Isabelle. Annette may be waiting for you. We are a little late. I would be glad to sit here awhile. Just give me ten minutes or so. (*Isabelle sinks wearily upon a garden seat at right.*) You can send Pierre Dubois out for me if you find him in the ball room. I have promised him that he shall be my special escort this evening. If he has not yet arrived, please come back for me yourself after awhile.

Jean. Very well, dear little sister.

(*Jean starts off towards the right but turns back again and bends over Isabelle tenderly.*)

Jean (*with solicitude*). Are you ill, Isabelle? You look so disturbed, tonight. Has anything gone wrong?

Isabelle. No, Jean, I'm just tired to death; have been doing too much this last week. A few moments alone, here, and I shall be all right again. Go on, now. That's a dear brother.

Jean. Stay here in this quiet garden a little while, then. The rest will do you good.

(*Isabelle watches Jean until he has disappeared at the right, then rises hastily. She snatches a letter from her bosom and tears off the seal, eagerly.*)

Isabelle, (*excitedly and pressing the letter to her lips.*)

I shall see him again after all this time. (*Reading the letter aloud*) "Dear Mademoiselle, I have made every effort to see you during the three days of my stay here, but when I called, you were always out. I left no card, hoping to find you at home next time. I send this letter at the last moment. If you have the least feeling of cordiality for an old friend, for the love of heaven give me an opportunity to see you alone for a few moments tonight at the ball. I must leave for France tomorrow. Yours devotedly, Daniel Gresollon du Lhut." He still loves me. (*Pressing the letter to her bosom in ecstasy*). I am sure of it, and I will tell him how I love him, too, how I think of him night and day. (*She kisses the letter passionately. Suddenly her mood changes.*) What am I saying? Isabelle de Mirval in love with a fur trader, a man of whom rumor reports base intrigues and traitorous plots against his country? Never! Where is my pride?

(*As Isabelle presses the letter again to her lips Sieur du Lhut enters from the left, rear. Seeing her attitude and recognizing his letter, he is instantly at her side. He throws his arm about her.*)

Sieur du Lhut, (*fervently*). Isabelle, you love me. (*His voice trembles with passion.*) You love me in spite of yourself. You can not deny it. (*Du Lhut holds Isabelle in a close embrace, kissing her again and again. She does not resist. Suddenly they hear the sound of an approaching carriage. At once they assume formal position. Du Lhut takes two cards from his pocket. As Pierre Dubois enters from the left he sees du Lhut writing.*)

Du Lhut, (*handing one of the cards to Isabelle and bowing profoundly*). It is the fifth dance, then. Au revoir, Mademoiselle. (*Du Lhut, turning to go out, bows to Dubois.*) Monsieur.

(*Du Lhut hurries away, disappearing at the right, rear. Isabelle sinks upon the garden seat, looking frightened and collapsed. She presses her handkerchief to her eyes. Pierre Dubois watches her a moment, then steps up to her.*)

Dubois. What is the matter, Isabelle? You look fairly ill.

Isabelle, (*regaining her composure*) No, Pierre, not ill, but very tired, and somewhat embarrassed because Sieur du Lhut found me out here alone. I asked my brother to send you to me if he found you in the ball room.

Dubois. Forgive me for being a little late. It was because of a small accident on the way from Montreal. If you are tired, Isabelle, let us stay out here in the garden.

Isabelle. I would be glad to sit here awhile and then go

home if we had not sent away the carriage. I am really too tired to dance. Would you mind giving up the ball?

Dubois. I would gladly give up the ball or anything else for the chance of a serious word with you. I have tried a hundred times to tell you what is in my heart. (*Turning suddenly and seizing Isabelle by the arm.*) Isabelle, may I find Monsieur de Mirval and ask for your hand in marriage?

Isabelle, (*rising, releasing herself*) Oh, there you're flying off again. Must one always talk of marriage? Detestable idea!

Dubois. A quiet town man never has a chance. Since Sieur du Lhut returned to Montreal, you and all the other girls seem bewitched. You have no interest for anything but adventures. I hear he's to be at the ball tonight (*glancing at Isabelle*) and I suppose you girls will all follow him about to hear the latest news in the fur trading industry. It's a shame that a mere rover, a coureur de bois, should turn all your heads. They say he left a handsome Indian sweetheart behind him in the woods beyond the great lake, his precious Kitchee Gumme. She even tried to kill herself for love of him, jumped from a high rock into a lake. But suicide by drowning is a difficult thing for a good swimmer. Sieur du Lhut will be glad to find her again when he goes back to the woods.

Isabelle, (*stamping her foot impatiently*). Come on. I hear some one. We will go in and dance. (*They cross to the right and disappear. Sir Landsdowne and Sir Markham enter from the left.*)

Sir Landsdowne, (*looking about to see that no one is near.*) I tell you we must win him over for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Sir Markham. But how bring it about? It is very well to say: "We must win him over," but to do it will not be so easy.

Sir Landsdowne. Just leave that to me. I have a plan and the time is ripe. His power among the Indians is wonderful. They trust him implicitly, and his voice in the council is strong enough to decide almost any question.

Sir Markham. Very true! And he is using this power to extend the influence of Count Frontenac.

Sir Landsdowne. But save for the approval of Count Frontenac, what thanks does he get?

Sir Markham. Not many, I must admit.

Sir Landsdowne. I will call his attention to the ugly stories that are floating about, due to the jealousy of La Salle and the malice of Duchesneau. Knowing these reports to be false, he will resent them and will be willing to come over to us. I am

empowered, as you know, to make him a magnificent offer and he will accept it. This will mean for England and the Hudson's Bay Company complete triumph in the fur trading industry.

Sir Markham. Very well, I hope you will succeed. Knowing Sieur du Lhut slightly, I do not feel the same confidence. He has the kindest feelings towards the English, but to turn his influence against France! That is another matter, and I can't imagine an offer that would tempt him. However, I will ask him to meet you some time this evening. *(As the two men pass out at the right enter at the left Madame Barré, with her daughters, Elise and Toinette. They are full of gaiety.)*

Elise, *(excitedly)*. They say he'll be here. We shall see him dance. Perhaps he'll ask me.

Toinette. Did the beautiful Indian girl really want to die for him?

Mme. Barré. Silly child, you must not believe all the fairy stories you hear.

Toinette: Is he very handsome? Does he look like a prince?

Madame Barré. Make haste, children. If you don't hurry, you'll be too late for the ball. *(The ladies pass quickly out of sight at the right, front. Dubois and Isabelle enter from the right, rear.)*

Isabelle, *(gaily)*. What a relief after the hot ball room! It will be charming to dance out here under the trees.

Dubois, *(with an operatic manner)*. To dance with Isabelle among the trees and flowers!

Isabelle, *(Imitating his manner)*. Yes, to dance with Isabelle—and always to dance! The moon on the river, the fire flies in the shadows! *(After a slight pause)*. I feel like a sprite. What if I should dance into the forest and never find myself again? *(Isabelle takes some dance steps towards the grove at the left.)*

Dubois *(following her)*. I am certainly like the poor wanderer who follows a will o' the wisp. *(Isabelle dances out at left, Dubois following her, while Sir Markham and Elise enter the garden and seat themselves on the rustic seat at the right.)*

Markham. You have the true spirit of French gaiety, you belles of Montreal. Is your friend, Isabelle de Mirval, a heartless flirt or is this vivacity only a play? As we stepped into the garden, on arriving here, I overheard her say she was too tired to dance. She was ready to go home again without entering the house. Now she is light-winged as a butterfly.

Elise. Oh, there is no understanding Isabelle, though she

is one of the dearest and best girls I ever knew. I am afraid she is a sad coquette, though, and perhaps she carries her wild caprices too far sometimes. We used to think her very much in love with Sieur du Lhut. He was certainly in love with her.

Markham. I fancy he is a little gloomy about something. He has not a very good reputation for honesty, as I hear.

(As these words are spoken du Lhut crosses the stage just behind Markham and Elise. He looks troubled, turns, hesitates a moment, as if wishing to reply, then passes on to the left and leans on the parapet which extends along the river.)

Elise. He is the soul of honor but there are jealous enemies in high places.

Markham. He is certainly much troubled about something.

Elise. He has had some disappointments, but no one can explain just what they are. We all thought he was on the point of marrying when suddenly, scarcely installed in his new house, he sold it to his wealthy uncle, Monsieur Patron. He bought himself a trading outfit and in a few days he was off for the Indian country. They say he has been wonderfully successful with the red men and he must like the life of a rover. *(Dubois and Isabelle return to the garden.)* He seldom comes back to Montreal although he has a host of warm friends here. He is not often taciturn as you see him tonight. Quite the contrary. His charming manners are as acceptable to white people as to Indians. We all wish he would give up his wandering life and take up his abode with us again.

(The music of the dance begins. Sir Markham and Elise rise, Jean de Mirval and his lady, Toinette Barré and her escort enter from the right. The gentlemen push the rustic seats towards the wings. Du Lhut comes forward and approaches Isabelle.)

Du Lhut. I believe I have the honor to claim Mademoiselle de Mirval for this dance.

Isabelle, *(coquettishly)*. O, no, Sieur du Lhut. It is the next one. This dance belongs to Monsieur Dubois. Absent minded man that you are! You come to a ball and do not even remember the name of your next partner.

Du Lhut. Pardon me, Mademoiselle. I am not dancing a great deal this evening and the name of my next partner makes a strong impression on my mind.

Isabelle. You flatter me too much, Sieur du Lhut. *(Imperiously)*. Go now and find a lady. We are going to dance out here in the garden under the trees.

Du Lhut. Permit me rather to watch you.

(The young people take their places and dance the pavan)

—or minuet.—*Du Lhut joins Madame Barré near the parapet. At the close of the dance the young men replace the rustic seats. Du Lhut comes forward and claims Isabelle.)*

Du Lhut. Will you stay in the garden with me until the music begins again?

Isabelle. Certainly I will. That is unless you are too cross. *(She waves her hand to Dubois, who goes away rather sulkily. The other young people follow and all disappear at the right. Isabelle seats herself at the left, using her fan violently.)*

Du Lhut *(standing near her)*. Will you excuse me if I ask a direct question?

Isabelle. One must answer *Sieur du Lhut*.

Du Lhut. Are you playing your old game of coquette or are you really going to accept that enamored young man?

Isabelle. What right have you to ask such a question? And why should I not play the coquette? Why should I not change my mind every fifteen minutes? It is a woman's privilege. It seems sometimes that it is a man's privilege to do the same.

Du Lhut, *(seriously and tenderly)*. There is one thing, Isabelle, about which I have never changed my mind for a moment.

Isabelle. Perhaps you have forgotten that some time ago you spent an evening at my home. Your attentions were very marked and you even said that I was the first girl who had ever stirred your heart.

Du Lhut. That was true. You were the first. *(Coming nearer)*. And you are—

Isabelle, *(dancing away coquettishly)*. Perhaps you have forgotten that the day after you had made these protestations, you arranged to sell the house you had just built and, without a word of "goodbye," you were off for the Indian country.

Du Lhut. Perhaps you have forgotten the way our last evening was spent. My efforts to speak with you seriously were always met with flippant sallies of heartless wit.

Isabelle: To which you should have replied in the same way. *Sieur du Lhut* should certainly know the noble art of fencing. I have never forgotten the clumsy way in which he answered my thrusts.

Du Lhut. Have you forgotten that you sneered at *Sieur du Lhut*, called him a *coureur de bois*, a trader, a business man?

Isabelle, *(turning quickly)*. That's what you are, too. *(With sudden tenderness)*. Give it all up, and then see how

differently you will be treated. The stories about you will all be hushed up.

Du Lhut. Hushed up, indeed! I stand before the world in the broad light of day. All may judge me who will. (*Isabelle passes in front of him haughtily*). As for me, I care only for the judgment of my king, (*a moment's pause*) and to him I am going.

(*Sir Markham and Sir Landsdowne appear at the right, rear*).

Isabelle. If you care only for the judgment of your king, why waste your time on insignificant Isabelle de Mirval? You are nothing to me. I prefer Monsieur Dubois. *His hands are not soiled with trade. Go to the king. And when you return to New France you will find your Indian sweetheart waiting for you in the woods.*

Du Lhut. If you only had a heart like her's, Isabelle!

(*Isabelle rushes away, angrily, towards the right front. Sir Markham and Sir Landsdowne enter, cross the stage, and approach du Lhut as he stands haughtily looking in the direction that Isabelle has taken. Turning to the left he meets the two men.*)

Sir Marham. Pardon me. Sieur du Lhut I have promised my friend, Sir Landsdowne, the pleasure of a meeting with you. If this is not a convenient time—

Du Lhut, (*controlling his anger*). Now is the most convenient time, and I shall be glad to meet Sir Landsdowne. I leave Montreal tomorrow morning and in a few days I shall sail for France. It will be some time before I return.

Markham. We shall leave early as we, too, are quitting the city tomorrow morning. If you will excuse me I will leave you alone together a few moments and will make excuses to our hostess. (*Markham goes out at the right.*)

Landsdowne. Doesn't it strike you that the small aristocracy of this place is apt to view things in a false light? Excuse me, but I heard the words spoken to you by that pert young lady who just left you.

Du Lhut (*haughtily*). Please go on with your message, Sir Landsdowne.

Landsdowne. I wanted to speak with you about the fur trade with the Indians. There is no more desirable and dignified occupation. It is desirable because the remuneration is magnificent, dignified because only men of wonderful bravery and commanding personality can succeed as leaders.

Du Lhut. The fur trade is entirely respectable and dignified, but it is not my calling. I am sent to increase the influence of France among the Indians. Such trade in skins

as we do carry on from time to time but helps to defray the expense of our expeditions.

Landsdowne. But people say of you just the reverse, Sieur du Lhut. It is said that you use your commission to give cloak to your tricky enterprises?

Du Lhut. Who dares say that?

Landsdowne. There are many stories afloat, as you may imagine, when even the young ladies of Montreal twit you with them.

Du Lhut. If your message is to bring me insults, you have done enough. Our interview is over. (*Du Lhut turns to go.*)

Landsdowne. Pardon me, this is not my message. I wished you to know that I have been informed of the accusations against you, and that I do not believe them. To me and to the men I represent, you are an honest man. It is for this reason that I come to you with a magnificent offer. Your efforts are not appreciated by France. They will be appreciated by England. Use your splendid influence among the Indians for the advantage of the Hudson's Bay Company and your reward will be princely. (*Du Lhut turns away haughtily.*) Do not be angry. You will remember that Radisson and Grosseilliers went over to England. Radisson even married an English wife.

Du Lhut. That Radisson and Grosseilliers went over to England,—and back again, is not to their credit. But that is no affair of mine. What other damaging reports of me do you bring as an excuse for this offer from England? Perhaps I do not know the worst.

Landsdowne. You would probably call the worst report Duchesneau's dispatch to Seignelay, in which he accuses your governor, Frontenac, and yourself of carrying on a secret trade with the English. Since you are accused of working with England why not come out openly and join the Hudson's Bay Company?

Du Lhut. You know the report to be false, else why would you come to me with an offer from England? Have you more pleasant tales to report?

Landsdowne. They say you get the Indians into your power by cunning tricks—I will not say plainly that you get them befuddled by strong drink. But they say you cheat them of their valuable furs, giving in return some useless bauble.

Du Lhut, (*turning quietly to Landsdowne*). I have heard the accusations against me. I will now give my answer to your invitation. I will not be an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company; I will not serve England. I will serve only France. I will carry these unjust reports to the king and he will have

my reputation cleared before the world. I am sure of it. But if not, I tell you that I will still serve France and only France. I never have and I never will deceive or wrong an Indian. Never, if I can help it, shall an Indian buy liquor of one of my people. Poor crazy Indians! They cannot stand strong drink. The father kills the son. The son puts his mother into the fire. No, NO! The Indians are my friends and I am their friend forever. And remember this. Even if I be maligned and scorned by all my own people, even if I be trampled under foot by the soldiers of France, until the last I shall hold up the banner and I shall cry, "France, my France! I serve only France." (*Carried away by his enthusiasm, du Lhut stands motionless a moment, while Landsdowne makes a profound reverence and withdraws.*)

CURTAIN FALLS QUICKLY.

ACT IV.

TIME: *Late Afternoon, Summer of 1684.*

SCENE: *Grassy space near the fort at Michilimackinac, forest trees on both sides, a glimpse of Lake Superior in the background. Anishaque and Low Sky are seen walking forward, engaged in conversation.*

Low Sky. It is true. Folle Avoine and Chief's first son took scalps of the two Frenchmen, but du Lhut better let them alone. If he punish, Indians say, "We kill du Lhut."

Anishaque. But Sieur du Lhut say: "Murderers can not be let go free. Must be killed. Law say so. If not so, Indians always be ready to rob and scalp Frenchmen."

Low Sky. Four hundred Indians here, only forty-two French.

Anishaque. But Indians call Sieur du Lhut, "Big Chief." What he say they do. When he speak, one word from him make ten Indians believe—many words make all Indians believe.

Low Sky. Just now they don't want believe.

Anishaque. Indians must believe.

Low Sky. Indians must not die by shot from pale face. If so, some Indian kill du Lhut.

Anishaque (*anxiously, throwing her arms around Low Sky*). Not Low Sky.

Low Sky (*throwing her off*). Du Lhut too proud. He no want my sister for squaw.

Anishaque. Low Sky, forgive Sieur du Lhut. He could never love Anishaque. He always love pale face girl. You know that. You know I bring her here to meet him, far away from great proud city. I tell her how grand and good he is and how he always love her.

Low Sky. Some Indian kill him if he punish Folle Avoine and Chief's son. I go now. I hear step. (*Low Sky darts away at the left, front.*)

Anishaque. My brother love Anishaque too much. He think she like a woman chief. It is a wrong not to love her. Anishaque save Sieur du Lhut.

(*Isabelle comes in quickly from right.*)

Isabelle. I am here at last, Anishaque. I have been dodging about among the trees. My brother Jean will be looking for me. Quick now! What am I to do here?

Anishaque. You must wait near here under trees till you hear two calls.

Isabelle. How shall I know them?

Anishaque. First call I give during council. I make cry like a loon. You will hear it. You no come then. I make cry second time. You come here then.

Isabelle. Why shall I come here?

Anishaque. Sieur du Lhut in danger.

Isabelle. In danger? (*With emotion*). Can I be of use to him?

Anishaque. Perhaps yes.

Isabelle, (*with impatience*). Tell me at once. What can I do?

Anishaque. You will know when you come to Sieur du Lhut.

Isabelle (*almost beside herself*). You must explain things to me now. Why are you always watching over Sieur du Lhut? Are you the Indian sweetheart I used to hear about? If so why are you always trying to bring us together?

Anishaque. I love Sieur du Lhut since I saw him first time. He could have taken me for squaw like most pale face men in woods. They take Indian girl as squaw then go away, leave her in her tribe. He love me too. He call me "Indian sister."

Isabelle (*intensely*). He loves you?

Anishaque. I follow him like dog. His heart he keep for pale face girl in Montreal.

Isabelle. Silly pale face girl.

Anishaque. I love Sieur du Lhut till I hate him and I tell my brother Low Sky. Then he hate him too. He so sorry for his sister. He love me with such big heart. He want to kill Sieur du Lhut because he make me so sorry. But I say "no." After a while I love Sieur du Lhut again and would die for him. I give him love charm and keep near him to watch. I sing him love charm song. Then I come nearer, nearer. He tremble. I think, "He is mine now. Anishaque will hold him in her arms." He grow pale, lean against a tree a moment. Then he turn and look at me with kind eyes and tell me all about you. He say how he love you and how he think you love him, too, but you too proud. He proud, too. It always end in quarrel.

Isabelle (*with tears*). You dear, unselfish girl!

Anishaque (*paying no attention to Isabelle's remark*). After this time Anishaque wish to die. When near Sieur du Lhut she can not breathe. When far away she suffer too much. One day she jump from high rock into deep lake. Every one think she die. She swim under water and come on shore far from people. She lay in woods long time and she eat nothing. She dream and dream. She dream about Sieur du Lhut. Her woman's heart is quiet and she worship him as manido. Then Anishaque get up and walk through woods. She find Low Sky and they two go towards sunrise land and join their own people, the Chippewas. She always hope to find pale face girl. One time Anishaque sell pretty grass baskets to white people in Montreal and she find you. She tell you about Sieur du Lhut and how he want you. So you come. Now you know everything. Good bye. I go now. Don't forget. I make loon call twice. Second time you come here. Before that you can do nothing. Just wait out there (*pointing to the left*). Indians soon come here for council.

(Anishaque slips away at the right, front).

Isabelle. How great and good he is and how shamefully I have treated him! My love has been like a shallow pool when compared with the passionate devotion of that strange Indian girl! For the sake of her idol, she seeks out Isabelle whom all the world believes to be a heartless coquette. I have been,—heartless and selfish. (*Isabelle sobs. Suddenly she raises her head and with changed voice*). But I shall not forget. She loves him with a woman's heart but she worships him as she worships a manido. (*Isabelle turns to go out and meets her brother, Jean, who has entered from the right, rear.*)

Jean. This is a strange place for you, Isabelle. All alone here! It is well that I was the one to find you. My aristocratic sister lurking about in the woods near the fort! If one of the soldiers had discovered you here there would be a nice bit of scandal for the mess.

Isabelle. Please go away, Jean, and leave me alone here. Anishaque will soon give me the signal. You must not be here.

Jean. What signal? Have you lost your head, little sister?

Isabelle. She will give a cry like a loon. She says Sieur du Lhut is in danger. I can help him. Go away now, please.

Jean. This is like an incident in an opera tale, a bit too fantastic for real folk like you and me. Rendezvous with a strange Indian girl—the cry of a loon—hero in danger—!

Isabelle. Jean, stop teasing. Dear brother, I am no longer a frivolous girl. I am a serious woman, now, and I would do anything for Sieur du Lhut. You know that, you good brother, who brought me to Michilimackinac. Go away

now. I will wait in the woods there until Anishaque gives me the signal. I must go. I hear the Indians coming.

(Isabelle hurries off at the left, front.)

Jean *(following her)*. I will not leave you here with all these Indians about. *(J) sounds from the wings.*

(As Jean disappears at the left, front, Indians come in from the right, rear, singing, and seat themselves on the ground in a semi-circle. The drum is behind them, near the wings or out of sight. All are wrapped in blankets or skins and look sullen. Several Indians bring armfuls of balsam boughs and pile them up on a small hillock against a tree trunk, making a seat at the right towards the front. Ta-ko-zid, Nah-me-gos, Mah-in-gans seat themselves on it. Du Lhut comes in among them from the left, rear. They look at him and brighten up slightly, in spite of themselves.)

Du Lhut *(Standing in the center)*. I have been sent for, to talk with the Indians. They believe that I have always been fair to them. *("ho, ho's from all sides.)* I have been told that two Frenchmen have been robbed and killed. Was it a Frenchman who robbed and killed them?

Low Sky. No, it was not a Frenchman.

Du Lhut. It was an Englishman, perhaps.

Tah-ko-zid. No Englishmen at Bawiting, no Englishmen at Mackinac.

Du Lhut. Are the Indians who killed the Frenchmen here in the council?

Nah-me-gos. No Indians here killed Frenchmen. *(Indians approve.)*

Du Lhut. Then it was two of your friends who took the scalps. *(Du Lhut scans the faces. The Indians grow more sullen.)* I have been made commandant of this fort and must preserve order for the sake of all the French people in Canada, also for the sake of the Indians. This is the only way to preserve our treaty of friendship. If a Frenchman robs and murders another Frenchman I must see that he is punished, even if he is my brother. Is this right? *(The Indians nod their heads. "Ho, ho's" from all sides.)* If an Indian murders a Frenchman the Indian must be punished. This is the duty of a commandant, no matter how hard it may be for him. *(The Indians look sullen.)* Bring in Chief Ashinanaga. *(The Chief is brought in. He stands erect and haughty.)*

Du Lhut *(to the chief)*. Do you see the Indians who killed the Frenchmen?

Chief *(looking at each one with fierce directness)*. Indians who killed French no here.

Du Lhut. I believe you, Chief Ashiganaga. *(Chief*

moves to right, but remains standing.) Now bring in the younger son of the chief. *(The Indians play and sing. (C) After a moment the young Indian is brought in.)*

Du Lhut. I ask you now, chief, is the man who killed the Frenchmen here.

Chief. He no here. *(Signs of approval from the Indians.)*

Du Lhut. Now bring the others who are accused. You, Chief Ashiganaga and your son, look them steadily in the eyes as they come in. *(Folle Avoine and the elder son of Chief Ashiganaga are brought in. Their eyes are fixed on the ground.)*

Du Lhut *(addressing them sharply)*. Two Frenchmen have been killed. Did Chief Ashiganaga kill them?

Folle Avoine *(sullenly)*. No.

Du Lhut. Then you killed them, you two who stand there with your eyes on the ground, Folle Avoine and the chief's son. Is it not so? Answer. *(The two Indians say nothing.)* Which of you two is the murderer? Answer. *(Pause.)* If you are innocent, answer. Then you are both guilty before the Great Manido. *(After a pause the strange cry is heard, as if coming from over the heads of the people. The two Indians fall forward on their faces.)*

Chief Ashiganaga. The manido speaks. It was Folle Avoine and my son. They are the ones.

Mahingans. They accuse themselves, and the manido says, "It is true."

Chief Ashiganaga *(stoically)*. The French are masters of their bodies.

Du Lhut. They are the murderers and they must die. It is the law. Take them in charge, Dupont, Faffart. *(The men take their places on either side of the prisoners and shackle them.)*

Low Sky *(to Du Lhut, menacingly)*. A pale face must not shoot an Indian.

Tahkozid. We bring back the stolen goods.

Nahmegos. Du Lhut must pardon this time. After that no Indian kill or steal.

Low Sky. We kill all French if du Lhut no pardon these two red men.

Du Lhut. As commandant of the fort, I must do my duty. The Indians know that du Lhut loves them but fears no man so greatly that he is afraid to do what is right. Dupont, Faffart, dispose of the prisoners. *(They are led away. The Indians howl with rage, draw together with lowering looks.)*

After a moment of tense silence shots are heard. The Indians rush out with mutterings of rage. Dupont returns, steps up to du Lhut with a salute.)

Dupont. That was a brave action, Sieur du Lhut. I have never seen a more enraged lot of Indians. Just now they are held in check by our muskets, but eventually that decision may cost you your life.

Du Lhut. Not alone my own life but the life of every white person here at Mackinac. There are only forty-two of us here against four hundred Indians. What can we do if they decide to revenge themselves? I have thought of this question night and day since I was first told of the murder of the Frenchmen and that I was to handle the affair. What was to be done? Let the culprits go or purposely fail to find them? Do this, and henceforth the life of no Frenchman would be safe.

Dupont. That would have been the better plan. At least it seems so to me. We are certainly not safe now.

Du Lhut. No, indeed; yet as commandant of the fort I must see that the law is obeyed.

Dupont. You will be greatly censured by those above you. History will call this a foolhardy act. We shall probably all lose our lives and you will lose your reputation as well.

Du Lhut. It has always been my good fortune not to worry about others and what they will say of my actions.

Dupont. That is true, and your most precious birthright is the power of quick decision as to what is right and what is wrong. The Indians admire this, and usually approve of what you do.

Du Lhut. Let us hope they will agree with me in this case. They are holding a council now. Do you hear the drum? *(The drum is heard at a distance.)* There will be speeches, and,—Well, instead of taking our scalps, they may send back the stolen goods. This will be their expression of approval. I admit it has been hard for me to carry this through. Just leave me here alone for a while. I will walk about and think things over. We will take precautions.

Dupont. I salute you, Sieur du Lhut. You are a noble man, one of the truly great ones, I believe. I salute you in the name of our France.

Du Lhut *(grasping his hand)*. You are my good friend, Dupont. *(Dupont kisses du Lhut's hand and goes out at left, rear.)* Strange how tired I feel! This has been a gruesome business. *(Du Lhut passes his hand across his forehead, starts off at right, front. Low Sky, with a bow and arrow, has been lurking about in the shadows of the trees at the left, front, and as du Lhut steps out of sight, runs forward, kneels,*

and shoots an arrow. He places another on the string but Anishaque rushes across from the left, farther back, and follows du Lhut. Low Sky throws down his arrow in fury and walks away to right, rear. Anishaque leads back du Lhut and he sinks upon the balsam seat, half reclining against the tree trunk, eyes closed. He seems dazed or fainting.)

Anishaque (*kneeling by the side of du Lhut*). Did it strike deep, the wicked, poisoned arrow? I knew Low Sky would send it today. How he hate Sieur du Lhut! (*Pushing up du Lhut's sleeve.*) Here it is. Here mark of arrow. No great hurt, just a track of poison. I save Sieur du Lhut. (*She raises the arm tenderly and places her lips at the wound. After a moment she lifts her head.*) I save Sieur du Lhut. I drink the poison with his blood. I give my life for Sieur du Lhut. (*Anishaque rushes to left, middle entrance, giving the loon call, and disappears. Du Lhut, hearing the cry, springs up. Turning, he sees Isabelle coming towards him from the left.*)

Du Lhut (*holding out his arms*). Isabelle, you are here? I thought it was a dream.

Isabelle (*Throwing herself into his arms*). You are safe?

Du Lhut (*After a moment's embrace, holding Isabelle at arm's length*). Is it really Isabelle? (*A slight pause*). You have come out here to me?

Isabelle. Yes, I came with my brother, Jean. Anishaque told me how you always love the selfish pale face girl. I only half believed it before. That night at the ball when you found me in the garden, I longed to tell you I would give up everything for you,—go anywhere with you,—only to be with you always; never to leave you again.

Du Lhut (*clasping her in his arms*). Isabelle! You are mine? You will never leave me?

Isabelle (*releasing herself*). I must tell you how proud and how unworthy I have been. That night at the ball my ears were filled with stories about you. It was said you were dishonest and tricky. Then came the tale about your Indian sweet heart. That was too much. I could not believe in you.

Du Lhut. No, Isabelle, I can see how everything was against me then.

Isabelle. You went to France, and when you came back to Quebec—your reputation cleared before the world,—I waited for you to come to me again.

Du Lhut. I was told you were about to marry Pierre Dubois.

Isabelle. That was all a lie. I had refused Pierre long ago.

Du Lhut. And you have loved me all this time?

Isabelle. Yes, I have loved you passionately. I would have conquered my pride,—would have gone to you,—would have thrown myself at your feet.

Du Lhut. But you did not come.

Isabelle. People still talked about the Indian girl. They said she had followed you to the east.

Du Lhut. Yes, I have seen her sometimes. She and Low Sky came back to the Chippewas.

Isabelle. She is always watching over you, and she brought me here. She is your guardian spirit and mine. (*Singing (C) is heard in the wings and continues.*)

Du Lhut. And she has brought you to me, Isabelle. (*Du Lhut holds her at arm's length, looking at her as if still half unbelieving. Then he clasps her in his arms. The embrace is interrupted by Tah-ko-zid who comes in from the left, rear, and throws down in front of du Lhut the things stolen from the Frenchmen.*)

Du Lhut (*to Isabelle, pointing to the articles*). We are safe now, Isabelle. The Indians bring back the stolen goods. They are our friends again.

Chief Ashiganaga (*stepping up to du Lhut and presenting a pipe, the other Indians crowding about the central group.*) Indians want to give calumet to Big Chief, Sieur du Lhut, because he think quick and act right.

(*Singing (C) continues as curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The following may be interesting to the readers of "Sieur du Lhut":

"It is often a devious way by which one traces the workings that have led to a given result. In the case of 'Sieur du Lhut,' it was Mrs. Stocker's love of Indian music that led to the finished production which drew crowds to the premiere. For years she has been studying Indian melodies, tracing them to their sources, living in the summer months on the Indian reservations. The Chippewas have given her the tribal name of 'O-mes-qua-wi-gi-shi-go-que,' which means 'Red Sky Woman.' * * * Throughout the whole play ran a thread of Indian melodies, wierd strains sung in unison or in octave with a tom tom accompaniment. The singing of Indian melodies, which Mrs. Stocker has been collecting and transcribing for years, was another feature of the production which is one of the most important additions to the praiseworthy work of preserving the traditions and customs of a people that have played such an important part in the historical life of the Northwest."—Musical America, New York City, July 14, 1917.

Mrs. Stocker gives this account of the origin of the play, "One evening I received this message from a friendly Indian: 'Tomorrow great drum dance at Mille Lac. You be there. Doctor of Indians take you.' Of course I went, and by afternoon of the next day I found myself watching the most picturesque group of Indians I have ever seen. The long point of land which reaches out into the lake, with its little island as pendant, the great trees, the brilliant costumes of the Indian dancers—all made a vivid impression upon my imagination. That which excited me most was some information which I obtained from a white settler who has for thirty years managed the Indian trading store not far from the encampment. From him I learned that it was on this very spot that *Sieur du Lhut* rescued the Catholic priest, Father Hennepin. It was here that the Sioux and Chippewas fought their last great battle, at which time this village of Kathio passed out of the possession of the Sioux and was henceforth occupied by the Chippewas.

"As distinctly as if already in shape my story appeared to me. It was not a story, however. It was a historical play, and the hero was *Sieur du Lhut*."

The romance in the play is imaginary. For the historical basis of the work, consult, among other books, the "Jesuit Relations," "A New Discovery," by Louis Hennepin, "A Gentleman of the Royal Guard," by McLennan,—article in Harper's for September, 1893.

For the conversation of the Indians, the writer of the play has used in English a construction which somewhat resembles that which they would use if speaking their own language.

INDIAN MELODIES.

Since taking down these melodies from the Indians, Mrs. Stocker has made no changes except in the case of (J). The Indian words of the "Love Charm Song (I) mean "That boy pays no attention to me. I will make him care for me."

Following is the meaning of the song at (F): "My lover has gone to Sault Ste. Marie, I shall never see him again. I thought I heard the cry of a loon but it was the sound of his paddle in the water." This song was sung for Mrs. Stocker on the White Earth reservation by Mary Warren English, who is half Indian—sister of Wm. Warren, the historian of the Chippewas.

The play is marked in this way for the introduction of Indian melodies: (A) Indian March, (B) Moccasin Game song, (C) Melody for Peace Pipe, (D) Nett Lake Dance, (E) Theme for wooing flute, (F) "He has gone to Sault Ste. Marie," (G) Loon cry, (H) Death Chant, (I) Love Charm Song, (J) Music for Skull Dance. These melodies are sung in unison and repeated several times, a single note reiterated as a bass foundation on piano or kettle drum.

The piano or other instruments used for the support of the voices in the unison singing, also for the French incidental music of Act III, must be placed behind the scenes.

A) Repeated bass note.

ah yah ha yah yah ha yah yah ah yah ha yah yah

ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah yah ha yah ha yah

ha yah yah ha yah yah ha yah ha yah ha yah

B) Bass note.

E sah ye yah wah hon non E sah ye yah wah hon non

E sah ye yah wah hon non E sah ye yah wah hon non

E sah ye yah wah hon non E sah ye yah wah hon non.

Bass note.

ah yah ha yah ha yah ah yah ha yah ah yah ha yah ha yah

ha yah ah yah ha yah ah yah ah yah ah yah ha yah

ah yah ha yah ha yah ah yah ha yah ha yah ah yah ha yah

ah yah ha yah ha yah ah yah ah yah ah yah ha yah

For wood-wind Flute.

Cry of the loon.

Repeated Bass Note. b^b.

HE go e. he go e he go e he go e he go e he go e
 he go e he go e he go e he go e he go e he go
 he go e he go e he go e he go he go e he go e
 he go e he go he go e he go e he go e he go e
 E go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go
 E go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go
 E go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go
 E go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go e go
 mah nã nãh mah nãh mah-djah mah noohim nah
 nãh mah-djah aui mah tah nãh nãh de djah
 mah noo nãh mah nãh mah-djah nãh aui mah tah oin
 nãh ga de-djah O go wah go nãh wah sham dah ah p. tchi nan
 Je osh ke ni. ni waq-m' ba-ba men oi-ni go ge

a - ni shin - ga on dja ah oo - ni - ne
 man - go - dūg win nien di neu - dūm
 man - go - dūg win nien di neu - dūm ming wū na
 win on nien - oi - mon - shin *Fine* E ni wūh wūh
 sa to ga 2nd. Ba wi ting mah gō - a - oi on dja
 ni - ni - mon - shin a - ni on - dja ka win - i - na wa nien
 wa - ba - ma si si *D.C. al Fine* Baan nōti C.
 Ah yah ha yah yah Ah yah ha yah yah *Fine*
 Ah yah ha yah yah Ah yah ha yah yah Ah yah ha yah yah
 Ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah wa ti ha yah he ga
 wa ti ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah
 ha yah yah ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah
 Suddenly loud. They attack the one on 4. Very fast. D.C. al Fine
 ha yah yah ha yah ha yah ha yah ha yah



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